

Eng. Poetry vol 15

1st

Æsop at Oxford :

K

O R,

A few select FABLES in Verse,
under the following Heads,

V I Z.

Æsop Matriculated.
Æsop's Thanks.
Æsop's Case.
The Pay-master General.
The famous History of *Goodman*
I did it.
The Paradox.
The Devil on two Sticks.
The Female Hypocrite.
A notable Allie.
A Present for a Courtier.
Worse and Worse.
Whitehall and *St. James's*.
A Woman that did Good once
in her Life.
Diamonds cut Diamonds.
The Foreigner.

The modern Convert.
Moderation in Miniature.
The Picture of an Ecclesiastick.
The General Peace.
One that lost his Life for being
out of Danger.
The Way of the World.
The Case is alter'd.
The Cure worse than the Di-
sease.
Sauce for a Goose, Sauce for a
Gander.
The Shortest Way with the Dis-
senters.
The Royal Mourner.
The Candidates.
The Conclusion.

— *Ita Risoros, ita commendare dicaces*
Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere seria Ludo.

Hor. Art. Poet.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year 1709. and Sold by the Book-
sellers. Price one Shilling.

16. Novemb. 1708.

John O. ...

Secretary of the ...

of the ...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...



TO THOMAS LEWIS, Esq; Member
of Parliament for *Whitchurch*, in *Hampshire*.

S I R,

THE Character you are so worthily possess'd of, as well as the Nearness of the Place, whence these Fables took their Birth, to your Mansion-house, make them yours of Course; and have so fix'd you in my Esteem, that I can leave 'em no where else, but under your Protection.

As the Reader will find me no Courtier, by the Choice of my Patron, so my Patron will find me no Sycophant, by the Choice of my Dedication; which will neither do Violence to your Modesty, by entering into the Particulars of your excellent Qualities; nor my own Inclination, by launching out into a Stream, where I may lose my self, for Want of right Management.

It's enough, that you are the Delight of the County Clergy, as you are become the Expectation of the Laity; who, from your future Demeanor in Parliaments, will have Reason to wish you had represented the Shire, who are now going to distinguish your self in the Conservation of the Priviledges of a Burrough.

But even this may give Offence to those Vertues, which, tho' they cannot conceal themselves, cannot bear with their own Recital; wherefore I shall only tell you, that what gives it self the Honour of your Name, is what a few Leisure Hours produc'd at Catharington, this Summer, and is design'd

The Epistle Dedicatory.

design'd to be serviceable to the Publick, if they'll give Credit to a Hand that is retir'd and private.

The Pulpit does so little now-a-days, that the Press should interpose its good Offices for the common Good; and I hope what the Divine has been wanting in, the Mythologist will accomplish.

Æsop has been out in this Dress once before in the late Reign; and tho' her present Majesty is accompany'd with so many Blessings, his Admonitions are not altogether unseasonable in this; and you that have given us such undeniable Proofs of your Adherence to the best of Principles, will not be pleas'd at his coming Abroad once more, to discountenance the worst.

As for the Performance, I shall offer nothing in Favour of it, since I must hold my self inexcusable, if it is ill, for submitting it to your Perusal; neither shall I mention any Thing in Vindication of its Design, since that opens it self at first Sight, and must stand or fall by the Reader's Sentiments.

What remains for me to do, is, to leave it with you, to shew the World, that if I am out in the Choice of my Fables, I am not so in the Choice of my Patron; and that I value Mr. Lewis his Opinion so far, as to despise that of the World, if you shall be pleas'd to approve of this Interruption given you by,

S I R,

Your most obedient,

And most devoted Servant,

Æsop.

Æsop at Oxford, &c.

Æsop Matriculated.

ÆSOP, grown weary of the Trade
Of teaching Beaux, that could not read,
And dictating to Belles,

Who not a Jot the better grew,
For all that he could say or do,

Resolv'd to leave the Wells :

But where to take up his Abode,
His Visage was so monst'rous odd,

The Sage was much to seek,

Since honest *Truth* would ne'er go down

In Country, City, Court, or Town,

With such a frightful Back.

At last the Wight took Heart of Oak,

And thus to *Alma Mater* spoke :

B

Hail,

" Hail, venerable Dame !

" Hail, Learning's most auspicious Queen !

" Thou Judge of what resides within

" This coarse unsightly Frame !

" To thee poor *Samian* *Æsop* flies,

" From more than * *Delphian* Cruelties,

" In search of a Retreat,

" Where he may do his Hearers good,

" And by his Readers understood,

" With a Reception meet.

When Vice-Cancellarian Voice

Told him the Dame approv'd his Choice,

And made him swear by *Isis*,

That he'd still be a mortal Foe

To Culprits, whether high or low,

That dar'd encourage Vices.

Thus, having pay'd for † Statute-Book,

In which few fresh Men ever look,

And Graduates seldom pore in,

'Till

* Murder'd at Delphos. † A Custom of the University at Entrance.

Till they get into Proctors Places,
 And shew they've gotten all their Paces,
 By Schollars Mulcts exploring.
Newland the Beadle look'd askue,
 And taking more than was his Due,
 As double Fees were stated,
 Cry'd, Sir, Joy to you in your Gown ;
 You may now * linger round the Town,
 For you're matriculated.

Moral.

Fools, and conceited Fops, Reproof despise,
Judging those Intermedlers, that advise,
That lay down Maxims, and Instructions give ;
Not how to dress themselves, but how to live ;
As the Bath, Tunbridge, Epsom, disagree
With this our Mother-University,
Who doats on Vertue, tho' its Looks are plain,
And quits fair Features, for a pregnant Brain.

* An Oxford Word for Loitering.

Æsop's Thanks.

TW O Milk-white Hinds, with Age and Ho-
 (nour crown'd,
 Had long for an Alliance been renown'd,

While they without Contention, sep'rate fed,
 And each distinctly graz'd its proper Mead :
 The same their Pasture, as the same their Kind,
 In Want, in Plenty, and in Danger join'd.
Fortune a-like to both profusely gave,
 And neither could her farther Bounty crave,
 Since all the Riches of the Field were theirs ;
 Their Blessings equal, and alike their Cares.

The first from long descending Parents sprung ;
 Old as the Day, but like its * Ruler, young ; * *Apollo*,
 Like her own Meadow, whose eternal Green
 Spreads, and with Smiles dilates the chearful Scene,
 Loyal and just, obsequious and sincere ;
 Her Prince had all her Love, her Gods had all her Fear.

Fruitful in Kind, she fill'd the neighb'ring Lawns,
 And with a Parent's Fondness nurs'd her Fawns.
 'Till

'Till grown mature, and fit to brouze around
 The distant Woods, and spurn remoter Ground ;
 Some were sent out to preach, and be of Use
 To regulate the Lewd, and fix the Loose :
 Others upheld their injur'd Clients Cause,
 Made Advocates, and Guardians of the Laws ;
 In Rural Synods, and in Senates, known
 T' assert Religion, and defend the Throne.

In Church and State, superior to preside,
 The first to govern, and the last to guide.
 As they were to their Sov'raigns always dear,
 Still favour'd with the Lyon's gracious Ear,
 'Till Sycophants to Reputation grew,
 And old Advisers were turn'd out by new.

The second, for her Sister's Vertues fam'd,
 Had all Advantages that can be nam'd ;
 Was Mistress of indisputable Charms,
 For Knowledge eminent, for Arts and Arms,
 For all Acquirements Industry could gain,
 Or Cost or Application could obtain,

Since

Since ~~she~~ her Counsellors had likewise bred,
 And the ~~Court~~ ow'd her its unweildy Head.

When wrigg'l'd into Pow'r by t'other's Fall,
 She fain would of her Sister take the Wall,
 Because she still was ready to address,
 When t'other ne'er applauded Things by Guess ;
 And told the Lyon he from Foes was safe,
 Directed by her Stag's auspicious Laugh.

At length, between 'em both, a Suit's preferr'd,
 And Liberty and Property's the Word:
 Old musty Rolls and Records brought in Play,
 Plainly made out the first should bear the Sway ;
 But all in vain, the last contending strove,
 And would refer the doughty Case to Jove.

Th' impartial God, to finish the Dispute,
 Wisely summ'd up the Claims of either Brute :

" You, said he, crave Precedency of Place,

" Because you are the Eldest of your Race;

" And you, Dame, enter such another Plea,

" Because you're oftner seen at Court, than she.

But

- “ But hold : — The first's Pretensions I admit,
 “ And place her in the sacred Throne of *Wit* ;
 “ *Justice* allows you both your proper Rights ;
 “ You have more honest Sons, and you more Knights.
-

Æsop's Case.

- T** Here was a Fellow hard at Work a Sowing
 The Grounds which he had plough'd,
 At which a Swallow cry'd aloud,
 “ Take Notice what that Country-man's a doing.
 “ Hence 'tis, said she, the feather'd Kind's ensnar'd,
 “ And all the Fowler's Nets,
 “ Which he for our Destruction sets,
 “ Are made of Flax, and are of Hemp prepar'd.
 “ That, that's the fatal Seed which now is sown ;
 “ Wherefore be on your Guard,
 “ And to prevent what's to be fear'd,

“ Let's

" Let's pick it up soon as the Fellow's gone.
 She spake, but might as well have spar'd her Words,
 Not one of them would take
 Her Counfel, or, for Safety's Sake,
 Would act as should be done by cautious Birds.
 In short, the Bus'ness was, from Time to Time,
 'Till Seed took Root, delay'd;
 And then again, 'till in the Blade
 'Twas almost ripe, and in its full-grown Prime,
 At Sight of this, the Swallow, once for all,
 Told 'em, 'twas not too late,
 Ev'n yet to stop approaching Fate,
 And to prevent their unregarded Fall,
 Would they bestir themselves with all their Might,
 Before it farther grew.
 But finding they would nothing do,
 She from her old Companion took her Flight.
 From Woods and Fields, she into Cities went,
 And conversant with Man,
 Another Sort of Life began,

Than

Than what she with the foolish Birds had spent.

This Hemp and Flax, in Time, to Nets was wrought;

And 'twas the Swallow's Fortune,

While she was safe behind the Curtain,

To see most of 'em, as she told 'em, caught.

The captive Birds, grown wiser at the last,

Were frighten'd to a Sense

Of their late Want of Providence,

But ne'er reflected, 'till all Hopes were past

Moral.

WISE Men Effects in Causes spy,

And point out Dangers near ye;

Fools leave due Care, 'till by and by,

And cry, Anon, they hear ye.

When Opportunity gives Way,

And they're no longer able

To practise what Advisers say,

Which verifies this Fable.

As for the Swallow's Part, 'tis plain,

That she came off with Honour;

C

And

*And since she was in such a Vein,
 'Twas well the Birds fell not upon her,
 Since among Men 'tis often found,
 That those who deal sincerely,
 And bold Opinions just and sound,
 Pay for them most severely.
 Witness a Time when Fines and Goal,
 For Truth, were brought in Fashion,
 And those were held t' excessive Bail,
 That undeceiv'd the Nation.*

The Pay-Master General.

SLY Mercury once had a Whim in his Head,
 To hear what the Folks below Stairs of him said,
 And, in order to this, left his Wings and his Rod,
 With all the Regalia belong'd to a God,
 And, disguis'd in the Shape of a Mortal, would try
 To fathom their Thoughts in Discourse by the By.

So

So away he trudg'd on, 'till he happen'd to light
 On a Shop that would answer th' Enquiry at Sight;
 Where, amongst other fam'd Curiosities plac'd,
 He his Eyes upon several Deities cast.

The first which he cheapen'd, was who but Great *Jove*,
 Whose Pimp he had been in Employments of Love,
 And who would have come at a moderate Price;
 But *Juno* the Goddess diverted his Eyes.

" Well, says he, what Rate does her Majesty hold?
 When the Carver said, " That would for so much be
 (sold,
 And because of her Peacocks, set her up somewhat
 (higher,
 But low enough still between Seller and Buyer.

The Figure that next was presented to View,
 Was his Worship's, with Wings and Caduceus too,
 Set out in his Holiday-Cloths and Condition,
 And equipt with the Ensigns that shew'd his Com-
 (mission.
 " So, this is as't should be, to himself he strait cry'd.

" The Carver has done but what's right on my Side:

" For here am I deck'd with the Badge of my Place,

" Chief Foot-man to *Jove*, by his Majesty's Grace,

" And adorn'd with the Trinkets in every Part,
 " That speak me the Patron of Trade, and of Art,
 " Now will this very Fellow, as sure as I'm here,
 " Set a Price on this Piece, that's exorbitant dear;
 " Ask me fifteen Times more than he did for the last.
 Such Sentiments on his own Merits were pass'd;
 And so in all Haste, without smelling a Rat,
 Put the Question, what Value the Statue went at?
 " Why, truly, good Master of mine, he reply'd,
 " That you may not say Matters go hard on your
 (Side,
 " And because many Words may be reckon'd but
 (Jargon,
 " Buy the two you first cheapen'd, that's into your
 (Bargain.

Moral.

SO said a Cormorant of State,
 Whose Palace of a House is that?

Which he himself had built,
 As he on th' River row'd along,
 Not minding either Right or Wrong,
 Since prosperous in his Guilt.

When

When he was told the Place he saw

Belong'd to Grid-iron —

Than whom, no Thief was bolder :

But since 'twas built at their Expence,

'Twas not his, in another Sense,

But the poor wounded Soldiers.

The famous History of Goodman I did it.

Perch'd on a Wheel, upon a Summer's Day,

And in a Temper blith and gay,

A Fly crys, "What a Dust I raise !

And to the Waggon, says,

See how I choke the clouded Way !

That the poor Horses, almost blind,

" Their Stage cannot arrive at ;

and so, when fix'd behind

One of the swiftest of the racing Kind,

" What a confounded Rate I drive at !

Moral.

Moral.

SO crys the Cit, who never mounted Guard,
 'Slife! how we beat the French at Audenard?

The Paradox ; or, He that wins, loses the Day.

TWO Cocks once in a Duel strove,
 Which should the Mast'ry gain;
 Which should the most his Strength approve,
 And o'er the Dung-hill reign.
 Blows follow'd Blows, and Blood for Blood,
 On either Side was shed,
 As they for Pow'r contending stood,
 And peck'd, and sparr'd, and fought, and fed,
 'Till one, quite worsted in the Fight,
 And bristling up his Hackle,
 Cry'd, and turn'd Scamperer out-right,
 Bidding his Enemy good Night,
 He'd have no more o' th' Battel.

At this, victorious Chanticleer,

Up to the House-top flew,

To give himself a Conqueror's Air,

And most insulting grew.

He clapt his Wings, and loudly crow'd,

To make his Victory known,

And arrogantly told Abroad,

What Wonders he had done;

When, had the Craven of his Foe,

O'er whom he triumph'd with such Grace,

Stood but to strike another Blow,

He might have been in t'other's Place,

While he was in this boasting Mood,

His Valour to display,

An Eagle was in Search for Food,

And out upon the Wing for Prey;

And down she made an eager Steep,

With Force impetuous strong,

To truss the thoughtless Conqueror up,

And make the Fool repent his Song:

By

By this Adventure, it fell out;

The Craven which from Danger flunk his Head,
Strutted entirely o'er the Female Rout,
And had his Mistresses from whom he fled.

Moral.

TIS just with Princes, as with these two Birds,
They strive to be each others Lords,
And hold Imperial Sway,
As they the Terror of their Arms disperse,
To make th' astonish'd Universe
Their several Laws obey.
France and the Empire both have done
The same as these two Cocks have been a doing,
The last was very near its Ruin,
And plainly into Coverts run,
Till in the Mid'st of French Hosannah's,
Down the British Eagle stoop'd,
And at one Pounce the Conquerors swoop'd,
To shew that Victory was Anna's.

But let Great Britain, whilst her Genius smiles,

Remember France has sev'ral Lifles;

In Namur, Mons, and Conde;

And if she gives much Way to Pride,

Fortune may yet espouse the vanquis'd Side,

And she may pay for it one Day.

*The Devil upon two Sticks ; or, Old Age
and Wedlock.*

A Formal Piece of Gravity,
That with up-lifted White of Eye,
Had liv'd to a prodigious Age,
Resolv'd, before he left the Stage,
And quitted a vexatious Life,
To know what's what, and take to Wife;
For all his Days so chaste were spent,
He knew not what a Woman meant,
Nor ever had a Wambling a'ter,
What makes the Mouths of most Men water;

D

And

And as Concupiscence was strong,
 So he sought out for one was young:
 When the good Devil still at Hand,
 To make his Pupils understand,
 What may seduce them all aside,
 Ow'd him a Shame, and brought a Bride,
 A buxom Piece of Flesh, and dainty,
 Whose Age was about two and twenty,
 And who could give his seventy two,
 More Work by half than he could do.

Wedded, the doating Fop was brought
 To a more serious Course of Thought,
 And to lament, that in his Prime,
 H'ad so ill husbanded his Time.

“ When I was in my Noon of Life,

“ I wanted then, said he, a Wife;

“ But now its Ev'ning's come, and Night

“ Shadows the Verge of Life and Light,

“ My luckless Wife's my very Case is,

“ She wants a 'Spouse for her Embraces.

Mora

Moral.

THIS Fable may, with Justice, be apply'd
 To City, Town, and Court,
 Since Multitudes of either Sort
 Have done the same as this our old Man did.
 But let them take this Observation too,
 Lest they should wander in the Dark,
 Each of their Wives may have her Spark,
 Will make her not to want what Husband cannot do.

*The Female Hypocrite ; or, A Girl for the
 Times.*

FOUR Sisters once, a pretty handsome Brood,
 Liv'd altogether in one Neighbourhood.
 The first and eldest of the Race
 Had Peggy for her Name,
 A Wench of Sanctity and Grace,
 That wore a Revelation-Face,
 And was of such a Godly Frame,

That her old Mother still would be a twitting,
 And ev'ry Hour in t'other's Teeth a hitting
 Their Sister *Peggy's* Way of Living.

" 'Twill be long enough, she said,

" Before you'll do as *Peggy* did,

" And such a pious Course be driving.

" *Peggy* would ne'er do this or that,

" Nor such unrighteous Haunts be at.

And twenty such Good-morrows,

With *Peggy* always, right or wrong,

The everlasting Burthen of her Song,

Were giv'n to her bewilder'd Daughters Sorrows.

Now, this same Sister *Peg* of theirs,

Was a long-winded Wench at Pray'rs,

And mightily, it seems,

Employ'd in dreaming holy Dreams;

As she so well had play'd her Part

With such Dissimulation,

And her Tongue spokewhat ne'er came near her Heart,

Of Saints, and Saint-like Moderation.

A Friday-Face for ev'ry Day she wore,
 A short-hand Book still at her Girdle bore,
 And ev'ry Night was laid
 The *Crumbs of Comfort* at her Head,
 To keep the Tempter at Arms-length,
 By Dint of *Bunyan's Pilgrims* Strength,
 From getting into Bed.

The Name of Play-house robb'd her of her Wits.
 A Dancing-bout would put her into Fits,
 Down she fell into a Sound.

And if she trod on consecrated Ground,
 'Twas much more dreadful, than a Gospel-Woe.

As for her Sisters, they all three

Us'd a Behaviour frank and free,

And void of noisy Bawls or Strife,

In innocent Diversions pass'd their Life;

Now would they into Conversation fall,

And now be at the Comedy or Ball,

But without any Colour or Pretence,

Of giving others Scandal or Offence.

But this did not prevent

The Mother's Tongue, but on it went
To teaze her Daughters, and decry
This honest, undefining Liberty,
And still she kept her former Bent,

" Yes, yes, says she, it's very plain,

" You're like to prove most hopeful Birds.

" When will you from those Vanities refrain,

" And this ungracious World renounce, and shun

" The Devil, and all his Works, as Peg has done,

" And turn Reclufes of your own Accords?

" Oh! Madam, cry'd the Girls, pray never fear,

" The World is not fo very dear,

" But by that Time we've been

" Eye-Witneffes of what she's seen,

" We, by the fame Experience taught,

" May the fame Opinion hold

" To its Enjoyments cold,

" And of it entertain as bad a Thought.

Now, had poor Peggy been an arrant Where,
And had two Bastards, and three Poxes bore.

Moral.

THIS suits with many that pretend a Call
To Salter's, or to Pinner's-Hall;
Where many a holy Sister,
After the Man of Flesh has kiss'd her,
Hears the Man of Spirit bawl;
And daub'd with Presbyterian Paint,
Learns how to whine, and wink, and cant;
Knotty Quotations to explore,
And oe'r Geneva-Bible run,
Till she at Meeting passes for a Saint,
That was a Sinner just before,
And will be so again when Sermon's done.

A notable Sort of an Allie.

THE Beasts, with Indignation warm'd,
Against the Birds a grand Alliance form'd,
And

And made a gen'ral Invitation
 To all that would espouse the Combination.
 Amongst the rest, the Fishes, one and all,
 Said, "They'd with their Confed'rates stand and fall;
 And sign'd the glorious League,
 With Threatnings, and with Words as big,
 As if themselves would end the War at once,
 And pick their Adversaries Bones.
 In short, a War was instantly declar'd,
 And every Thing to take the Field prepar'd.
 When these same Fishes, who before
 Had such eternal Friendship swore,
 Instead of sending Troops were stated,
 Or Ammunition stipulated,
 Sent their Excuse, to let 'em understand,
 Fishes were never us'd to march by Land.

Moral.

*S*hould we presume t' invert the Tale
 On our Allies in ————
 And cry, they ne'er equipp'd a Sail,

The World would our Assertion gain-say.

Or should we, on the other Hand,

Say they may do the same by Land,

Unless they make a better Stand,

Than some did at Almanza;

Would it not be a very pretty Fancy?

A Present for a late disbanded Courtier.

A Country Fellow, in his Cart,
Took a Pig, Weather, and a Goat,

And as he drove to *Portsmouth* Mart,

That he might to his Profit with 'em part.

The Pig scream'd out, as if h'ad cut her Throat,

While t'other two as quiet lay,

As if they'd been asleep,

And not a Syllable would say,

But seem'd contented. All the Way

The Carter whistl'd, should'ring of his Whip.

In short, the Matter came to this at last,
 So much to Heart the Pig her Journey took,
 And the Design for which she there was cast;
 That Bumpkin, as he forward pass'd,
 Was forc'd to give her a severe Rebuke.

" Huzzy, said he, pray cease to keep
 " This damn'd confounded Squalling;
 " Your Betters, the rich Goat, and Sheep,
 " Make none of these Out-crys, nor weep;
 " And what Occasion is there for your Bawling?
 " Woe's me, there's Need enough, the Grunter cry'd,
 " The Sheep and Goat may for their Lives compound,
 " Their Milk and Wool will save their Hides,
 " And plead most powerfully on their Sides,
 " When nothing can for my Escape be found.

For the poor Pig is sure to go to Pot;
 (This made her loudly to squeal on)
 Immediate Death's her certain Lot,
 Because she is not worth a Groat,

" Till she is dress'd, and made a Meal on.

Moral:

Moral.

THus S—— may, unpunish'd, basely treat
 The Good, the Valiant, Wise, and Great,
 And censure H——'s Tricking,
 When a poor Author shall but say
 He wish'd Things went another Way,
 And H—— have him Pillory'd for Speaking :
 Which the preceding Fable hits :
 For had but S—— liv'd upon his Wits,
 And never preach'd at ~~Sutton~~ ^{Sutton},
 'Tis Odds but this incorrigible Whig
 Had far'd as coarsly as the little Pig,
 Not as the rich and fleecy Mutton.

Worse and Worse.

A Cook was frying a good midling Dish
 Of sev'ral Kinds of living Fish ;
 Who, soon as they began
 To feel the Frying-pan,
 E 2

Grew

Grew restless at its Heat,

And in a wond'rous Pet,

“ There’s no enduring this, cry’d one,

“ Why here’s the Devil to do said t’other;

And so with joint Consent, to shun

One Evil, they embrac’d another.

As they, endeav’ring to escape,

Made a most untoward Leap,

To which they had Recourse

To better Things, not make ’em worse.

While the Cook saw each Mother’s Child expire,

Out of the Frying-Pan, into the Fire.

Moral.

SO said the Poles, in King Augustus Days,
Can Flesh and Blood bear with this baughty Prince?

Would any People, that has common Sense,

Net look about for Means and Ways,

Their ancient Grandeur, and their Fame to raise?

When Means and Ways at last were pitch’d upon,

And

*And they call'd in the Sweed,
 To help 'em in their Time of Need;
 The Sweed their Towns with conqu'ring Troops o'er-run,
 And they who fear'd there Foes, were by their Friends undone.*

Whitehall and St. James's to a Hair.

A Certain Horfe, that in his Days,
 With other Cattle us'd to graze,
 And in the Common had his Feeding,
 Happen'd to light upon a Master,
 That turn'd him into better Pasture,
 Where he was pamper'd up, and kept for Breeding.
 At this a certain Hackney Jade,
 That oft had been his Comrade made,
 Thought it might advantageous be,
 To visit and congratulate
 His old Friend in his new Estate,
 And give him his good Company.

But how the Stallion frisk'd and fleer'd,
 And on his late Acquaintance leer'd,
 As he survey'd, from Side to Side,
 Tibb's meagre Aspect, and his shagged Hide,
 And gave him, for his Welcome, this Salute,
 " Pray, Sir, the Favour of your Name ?
 And after asking whence he came,
 " What is the Bus'ness you are come about ?
 " Why, truly, said the Visitant,
 " Your Worship does your *Eye-sight* want,
 " And I, on Purpose, hither strole,
 " With you, on this Occasion, to condole.
 " For this same Clover, as I find,
 " To all Intents has struck you blind,
 " Since, if you had not wholly lost your Sight,
 " You an old Friend had known of Course :
 " So Mr. Courtier of a Horse,
 " I'll e'en jog homeward, and good Night.

Moral.

Moral.

SO Men, that to Preferment rise,
 From Dung-hills, rais'd to Dignities,
 Have very treach'rous Memories.

Ask but the B—— how his *Lordship* does,
 He nothing of the Matter knows,
 But into nobler Conversation goes.

When he, whose Favour you lay seige at,
 Perhaps might be your intimate Collegiate :
 Nay, what is more, for all his Stir,
 Your Pupil, or your Servitor.

Put the same Question to a Bench-er,
 He has forgot you, 'tis long since, Sir,
 Right Worshipful, and you, had each a Wench, Sir.

Thus some to strut, like Crows, at Court may clamber,
 From being Valets of his Lordship's Chamber.

A Woman that did Good once in her Life.

A Young sick Hermit took his Bed,
Through the abstemious Life he led,
And Doctors upon Doctors, fate,
To give their Verdict of his weak Estate;
But none of all the Colledge would engage
To set him on his Legs again,
Though they try'd Apozems to ease his Pain,
And Juleps to resist the Fever's Rage;
Unless the Patient would allow
The Breach of his Religious Vow,
And do as other young Men did,
That were not Women's Use forbid,
But, to their Comforts, understood
The Grand Elixir of true Flesh and Blood.
The poor Man humm'd and haw'd, and held
A long Debate within,
Betwixt the Rem'dy and the Sin,
And would not be induc'd to yield;

'Till at the last, to end the Strife,

He was inclin'd to save his Life,

And had the Wit

To let his Doctors do as they thought fit,

Who one and all agreed,

With all convenient Speed,

To put an Arm full of a buxom Lase

Into the Bed wherein he was,

To see how this their Recipe'd succeed.

When this was done, they thought it best

To leave the Patient to his Rest,

And so the Curtains drew,

Bidding him for two Hours adieu.

The Time appointed, laps'd and gone,

They came to see what had been done;

How their Prescription wrought,

And view the Virtues of their Cooling-Draught.

What did they there, but the Religious find

Tearing his Hair, and beating of his Breast,

As if his very Heart would break,
 For this Adventure's Sake,
 And grown distemper'd in his Mind?
 A Frenzy had the Seat of Sense possess'd,
 So they some Anodines from Scripture got,
 And reason'd with him on the Spot,
 Producing many sage Quotations,
 To still and to becalm his Passions,
 That grew extravagant and hot.
 From Story moral and prophane,
 In Hopes to settle his fermented Brain,
 By saying this and that might make him see
 Nothing was sinful in their Recipe.
 "No, Gentlemen, said he, to clear your Doubts;
 "My Trouble is not thereabouts;
 "Those Qualms of Conscience now are o'er:
 "But it goes to my very Heart,
 "And makes my Soul with Anguish smart,
 "To think, that I was never sick before.

Moral.

YOU may talk what you please, fam'd Lais said,
 That Fops and Fools alone promote my Trade ;
 But I'll affirm, and in this Truth persist,
 I by Philosophers am likewise kiss'd.

Diamonds cut Diamonds.

A Poor unthinking Ideot of a Snake,
 That ever was of Nature's Make,
 Once fasten'd on a File,
 And not consid'ring right or wrong,
 Fell a licking with her Tongue,
 That bled extreamly all the While.
 The File was blooded o'er and o'er,
 The more 'twas stain'd, she lick'd the more.
 " Oh! 'tis prodigious sweet !
 " No Mortal, says she, ever cou'd
 " Have lit on more delicious Food,
 " Or better tasted Meat.

Still fancying 'twas the File that bled,

And that she on its Entrails fed,

And satisfy'd her Hunger;

Resolv'd to make an End on't quite,

She gave the Steel full many a Bite.

When she could bite no longer;

But finding that her Teeth would break,

Before she could Impression make,

And that her Tongue was sore,

All that the foolish Mortal got,

Was, to leave it on the Spot,

And let it lie, where it was laid before.

Moral.

LET Officers, from hence, take Heed
 How they in their Cabals proceed;
 How they attempt their Betters to devour,
 And wriggle their Superiors out of Pow'r;
 Lest, while they others Falls design,
 They meet with such a Countermine,

As

*As some have done, poor empty Souls !
 Who thought they work'd like any Moles ;
 But, at last found, to all their Costs,
 Their Labour, and their Places lost,
 And, 'stead of running others on the Shelves,
 Were split on Rocks, and drown'd themselves.*

The Foreigner.

A Snake that us'd in Privacy to dwell,
 Confin'd to a poor narrow Cell,
 Would needs an Inmate have ;
 And pinch'd by a cold Winter's Frost,
 A Hedge-hog, that he meets, accosts,
 And offers him a Lodging in his Cave.
 But when the new-invited Guest
 Had into his Apartment press'd,
 It was so very close,
 The Snake crys out, " 'Twill never do,
 " This Room's not big enough for two,

" Your

- " Your Prickles hinder my Repose ;
 " So that you must of Consequence
 " Prepare for your Departure hence,
 " As Matters now appear ;
 " Wherefore take Warning, and provide
 " Some other Quarters where you may reside,
 " I shall be squeez'd to Death, if you live here.
 Then says the Hedge-hog, " He that cannot stay,
 " May buy a Brush, and go his Way.
 " For my part, I approve
 " This pretty little Tenement ;
 " And if you're not content,
 " You're free, when you think fitting, to remove.

Moral.

Nations, from hence, may Cautions take,
 That they not imitate the Snake,
 By introducing foreign Guests,
 Or harb'ring Strangers in their Breasts,
 Lest they do make his Case their own,
 And in vain wish they'd liv'd alone,

Without

*Without inviting, to their Costs,
 Hedge-hogs, that dispossess their Hofs.
 And thou, Great Britain, who, from Dangers free;
 Triumph'st at Land, and rul'st at Sea;
 Whose Standards through the Globe display'd,
 Spread themselves out for injur'd Kingdoms Aid,
 Doat not too much on Alien Spies,
 Nor trust 'em, if thou ar't wise;
 Lest London, like thy Spittle-Fields should show,
 And Westminster be crowded like Soho;
 Lest it, which Heav'ns forbid, be brought about,
 That a strange Language jostles English out.*

The Modern Convert.

A Priest would once to Task a Soldier take,
 For his lewd Life, and his Profession's Sake.
 Text after Text was consequently brought,
 To work him to a fit Result of Thought.

As all the Dangers were before him laid,
 And Sins and Troubles, which attend that Trade,
 " Wherefore, says he, as you regard your Soul,
 " Dear Sir, renounce a Calling that's so foul,
 " That must of Course obstruct a Heav'nly State,
 " By rend'ring you still unregenerate.
 " Well, Father, says the Soldier, let me see
 " First what it brings me in, 'twixt you and me ;
 " Six-pence a Day throughout the last Campaign,
 " To that, no Plunder of one Church in *Spain*.
 " Item, a wounded Weather-beaten Carcass,
 " No Cloths upon my Back, (a cursed hard Case !)
 " No Nuns-Flesh for above these six Months past,
 " And almost ev'ry Holiday a Fast !
 " Come, I had e'en as good take your Advice ;
 " For who'd be *Satan's* Servant at this Price ?
 " Besides, we get so little now-a-days,
 " And Officers so geld the Soldiers Pays,
 " That damn this Bus'ness, without farther Strife,
 " I'll e'en strike into a Religious Life.

Moral

Moral.

Courtiers and Soldiers are the same,
 By Interest always led,
 As neither of 'em play their Game,
 For Conscience, but for Bread.
 The Soldier never looks within,
 Or makes the least Reflexions,
 Till Want of Plunder, not the Sin,
 Makes him condemn his Actions.
 Nor would some Courtiers turn about,
 From Low-Church, to the High,
 Were they from Posts not elbow'd out,
 And had they not some Mischief in their Eye.
 But oh! thou Church of England Dove,
 Trust not the Renegado Strain;
 They that could once Deserters prove,
 Will basely serve thee so again.

Sauce for a Goose, Sauce for a Gander.

A Miller once, too cunning for a Rat,
 Surpriz'd the Rogue amongst his Meal,
 And there was this Law brought, and that,
 Forbad the Course the Fellow had been at,
 To shew him 'twas a Crime to steal ;
 " This comes of Thieving, strait says he,
 " And a lewd Life and Conversation :
 " Vengeance o'ertakes bad Folks, you see,
 " Amidst their very Roguery,
 " And Practice of Abomination.
 " Alas! Sir, crys the Rat, I make
 " No manner of a Trade on't;
 " But the poor Pittance which I take,
 " Is only for Life's Preservation sake ;
 " That's all I ever made on't.
 Thus the poor Pris'ner, in his own Defence,
 On one Hand, Hunger pleaded,
 As on the other, Conscience

Was urg'd, and Punishment the Fence,

To keep off such as in his Way proceeded.

" Should Knaves be suffer'd to survive,

" The Judge says, and on the Laws to trample,

" There's not an honest Man alive,

" Could in this wicked World thrive;

" Wherefore you must be worry'd, for Example.

" Well, crys Culprit, once for all,

" If, for my sake, there's nothing to be done,

" Consider, that as I for Mercy call,

" So you may into the same Danger fall,

" And that my Case, is nothing but your own :

" We're both of us Corn-Merchants, it is plain,

" And of the same Fraternity ;

" Nay, and what's more, I dare maintain,

" You take a thousand, for a single Grain,

" That's ever took by me.

" How ? cry'd the Miller, all enrag'd at that,

" Are these fit Words for honest Men to bear ?

But who'll believe a Lyar of a Rat ?

So call'd the Executioner, his Cat,
And bid him do what we call Justice here.

Moral.

SO Deans may one another's Faults expose,
Till they are both found faulty in the Close;
As one derides the Doctrine t'other teaches,
When he himself those very Doctrines preaches.
So ~~Bishops~~ are Non-Residence dispraising,
When they themselves hold ~~Bishop~~pricks in Gray's-Inn.
Bp Williams of Chichester who had chambers there

The Cure worse than the Disease.

AN Occulift, whose Fame was known
In ev'ry Ale-House of the Town,
For curing of blind Eyes and dark,
As any Doctor Read or Clark,
Had bargain'd with a Man, to give him Sight,
And had just set all Matters right,
To go upon the Operation,
And couch him without Hesitation :

But

But the poor Patient bid him hold his Hand,
 'Till he could something understand
 Ought to be previous to the Cure,
 Of which he was so arrogantly sure.
 " Tell me, said he, before I farther go,
 " What I'm inquisitive to know ?
 " What World is that I'm like to see,
 " If once of my Distemper free?
 " Oh! says the Doctor, never be in Pain,
 " Soon as you have your Sight again,
 " The self-same World you'll surely find,
 " You saw, before your Eyes were blind.
 " Nay then, the Patient resolutely crys,
 " E'en take your Preparations from my Eyes;
 " Pocket your Couching Needles, and your Tools,
 " And homeward with your grand Ophthalmick Rules,
 " For I had rather grope my Way before ye,
 " Than see the second Part of the same Story.

Moral.

Moral.

THUS 'tis sometimes with Men of all Degrees;
 Some Remedies are worse than the Disease;
 With Antipodagrifins the Doctor stops ye,
 'Till those Elixirs make the Gout, the Dropsy,
 So States themselves, when cur'd of Dangers nigh,
 May, by the very Means that cur'd 'em, die,
 And sink into the Grave through Poverty.

Moderation in Miniature.

A Knot of Fellows, out upon the Pad,
 Took ev'ry Penny that a Travel'r had,
 And having searh'd him o'er and o'er,
 To see if he had any more,
 One of the Gang, a most case-harden'd Rogue,
 Cry'd, "Damn you, Sirrah, for a Dog,
 " You have more Money yet,
 " Deliver, or you shall be soundly beat.

" Lord,

" Lord, Brother, said his Comrade strait,

" Why do you talk at this Unchristian Rate?

" Cannot you treat the Gentleman as we,

" And take his Money civilly,

" Without this horrid Execration,

" And calling Names unworthy of your Station?

As they were marching off the Ground,

To see what other Purchase might be found,

" Pray, Gentlemen, the Trav'ler says,

" My House so many Miles off lays,

" And I have many weary Steps to jog it,

" Without one Farthing in my Pocket.

" You seem to be Men, by your Favour,

" Of a compassionate Behaviour;

" Wherefore, I hope, you'll be so kind

" To leave so much of what you took, behind,

" As may my Charges on the Road defray,

" And speed me forward on my Way.

" Yes, yes, the Lord forbid it else, they cry'd;

At which one of the Bags was open'd wide,

And

And he was bid to take whate'er he pleas'd.

He took 'em at their Word, and seiz'd,

Of Silver and of Gold;

As much as his Right Hand could hold.

"How now, said he that spoke so rough before,

"You griping Son of a confounded Whore?

"Have you no Conscience? Can't you be

"As easy, and as moderate as we?

Moral.

*SO 'twas, when Rebels had pull'd down
The Mitre, Scepter, and the Crown,
By Way of Moderation.*

Thieves of Commissioners of Safety,

Of all Things ye were worth, bereft ye,

And most demurely talk'd of Sequestration.

They took your Money civilly;

And parting, cry'd, The Lord be wi' ye,

Without opprobrious Names;

Well knowing, that a Curse or two,

Would nothing for their Purpose do,

Ext

*But spoil their After-Games ;
 Because it was enough to kill,
 To covet, backbite, whore, and steal,
 And make bold with the second Table,
 Not through the Decalogue to burst,
 And to break in upon the first,
 By cursing like the Villain in the Fable.*

The true Picture of a modern Ecclesiastick.

A Wag of a Droll, was resolv'd to make merry
 On the first of the Month that is call'd *January* ;
 And so to a close-fisted Bishop he went,
 Whose Heart was as hard as an obstinate Flint,
 To beg, that his Lordship would give him a List
 With a five Guinea-piece, for a New-Year's Tide Gift.
 " Why, sure the Man's mad, said the Prelate, I trow ;
 " And a hundred to one, believes me to be so.
 " Prithee, Friend, with what ignorant Fellows con-
 (verse you,
 " That you think I'll do this for a mere God-a-mercy ?
 H Or

“ Or imagine a Bishop can be such a Tony,
 “ As to give away such a huge Gobbit of Money ?
 “ Nay, my Lord, said the Fellow, if that be too much
 “ For one of your Cloth to bestow at one Touch,
 “ I’ll be thankful for something that is not so large ;
 “ Be pleas’d to equip a poor Man with a George.
 But that would not do, and was counted a hard Thing,
 So he fell down next Bout to the Grant of a Farthing ;
 Which being deny’d too, he made his Request,
 That he might with his Lord’s Benediction be blest’d.
 “ *De tout mon Coeur*, you shall have it, said he ;
 “ My dearly Beloved, come, down on your Knee.
 “ Your Excuse, my good Lord, quoth the Fellow, not I
 “ For now it’s my Turn your Request to deny ;
 “ Had your Blessing been worth but a poor *Copper John*,
 “ Your Lordship had in your Denials went on,
 “ And not even this Piece of Charity done.

Moral.

A *N ancient Proverb’s in this Story’s cross’d here,*
Which says, No Penny, there’s no Pater Noster;
And

*And makes it obvious to their Eyes, who've any,
 The Pater Noster comes without the Penny;
 Though still that Adage in one Sense may hold;
 What saves a Penny, is as good as sold.*

The General Peace.

A Fox was out upon the pilf'ring Lay,
 According to the Methods of his Kind,
 In Quest of his beloved Prey,

But high or low could nothing find.

At last, as Luck would have 't, he spy'd

A Cock upon a Tree at Roost,

With all his Hens on either Side,

And thus did Chanticleer accost:

"How now, my Friend, what makes you there?

"Your Business on the *Terra firma* lies;

"Cocks are not Tenants of the Air,

"Nor out of their own Elements should rise:

“ But you, perhaps, may be a Stranger

“ To the late gen’ral Peace,

“ That puts all living Creatures out of Danger,

“ And makes all former Enmities to cease.

“ Not a Soul, henceforth, dares assault

“ Another Beast or Bird,

“ But is an Out-law for the Fault,

“ Upon a Fox’s Word.

“ The blessed’st News that e’er was brought,

The subtle Cock reply’d;

And at the same Time, stretching out his Throat,

Look’d as if he somewhat a far off descry’d;

Which made Sir *Reynard*, presently,

Ask him, “ At what he peer’d ?

For he took Notice, with observant Eye,

And stood upon his Guard.

“ Nothing, said t’other, but some Hounds

“ Are making all the Haste

“ Is possible, cross yonder Grounds,

“ As if they had not broke their Fast.

“ Hounds,

" Hounds, say you ? Are they out a Roguing ?

" Why then, quoth *Reynard*, I'll be gone,

" 'Tis high Time for me to be Jogging,

" They've smell'd me out, 'tis ten to one .

" No, no, says crafty *Chanticleer*,

" Let no vain Fear enslave you,

" But keep your Footing where you are,

" The gen'r'al Peace will save you.

" Aye, quoth the Fox, and so it will,

" But I should find but an indifferent Station,

" And have my Coat pink'd for it still,

" Should the Dogs not have heard the Procla-
(mation.

Moral.

ONE Tear's more War, S—— Foxes cry,
Brings Peace, and golden Days are nigh,

When ev'ry Man shall drink beneath his Vine,

And under his own Fig-Tree dine :

When Trade and Mother-Church shall flourish ;

When Nursing-Fathers shall it nourish ;

When

*When all Things smiling shall appear,
 And Holy-Days be throughtout the Year :
 These are fine Words they to us put,
 But a Fox loves to cram his Gut,
 And nothing else does truly drive at,
 But to delude the Publick; for the Private.*

The Case is alter'd.

A Country Fellow to a Judge apply'd,
 And begg'd for Pardon on his Side ;
 " For my good Lord, said he,
 " A Bull of mine unlukily
 " Has gor'd one of your Lordship's Cows,
 " And I am very free,
 " To give what Damages, the Law allows.
 " Why then, quo'th' Man in Fur, my Books discover,
 " That this an Action is of *Trover* ;
 " You for my Cow must pay me to the full,

" Or

" Or forfeit your Affassin of a Bull.

" Aye, but, my Lord, the Trespafs that I bring,

" Cry'd he, is quite another Thing :

" And I'm miftaken in the Story,

" That humbly feeks Redrefs before ye ;

" For 'tis your Lordship's Bull has kill'd

" One of my Cows in yonder Field.

" Oh! fays the Judge, nay, then 'tis plain

" I muft look over Cook's Reports again ;

" Since this has giv'n the Cause another Face,

" And has quite alter'd the preceding Cafe.

Moral.

GREAT Thieves may pillage where they please,

And invade others Properties,

In Spight of Magna Charta ;

May do, as an Ufurper did,

That o'er the Nation's Freedom rid,

And call'd it, Magna Farta.

It's your poor Devil goes to Pot,

That has but little Plunder got,

And

*And is not Rich, or High-born ;
 Jach Catch soon marks him for his own ;
 He for his Poverty, is shown
 The ready Way to Tyburn.*

*One that lost his Life, by being out of
 Danger.*

HOW do you find your self? the Doctor cries,
 After Enquiry, how the Pulses beat ;

“ Why truly, the sick Patient cries,

“ I’m just come out of a prodigious Sweat.

“ Oh! the best Sign that could have been,

The Doctor tells him strait ;

And so he goes, and comes again,

That he may the same Question state.

“ Alas! says t’other, I had just now got

“ A violent Fit of Shaking.

“ Aye, says he, this is as it ought,

“ When

" When a cold Fit succeeds a hot,

" It shews that Nature is too strong for breaking.

Then to him a third Time he applys,

With, " How do you your Body feel ?

And has for Answer, " That his Legs and Thighs

" Are swol'n up to a monstrous Size,

" He fears a Dropsy, and is wond'rous ill.

" Better and better still, the Doctor says,

" For this same Swelling does denote,

" The Fever's marching off, and goes its Ways,

" Since the malignant Humours are afloat.

He goes again, when after this,

One of his Health enquires,

That was a neighb'ring Friend of his,

Just as he's almost ready to expire :

" Alas ! says he, you may the Neighbours tell,

" Friend *Richard*, without lying,

" I am now grown so very well,

" That I am just a dying :

" Good Signs and Tokens almost make me mad,

I

" Which

" Which the Physician says my Ailments give.

" Ah ! would he say but once, that they were bad,

" Perhaps I yet might live.

Moral.

QUACKS are the same, both Civil and Divine,
 The Soul's Physicians with the Body's join ;
 This draws you from a Sense of your Condition.
 That speaks of a Chimerical Fruition :
 As it proclaims aloud, to Friend and Stranger,
 There's not in Being such a Thing as Danger :
 When Accidents may tell us, to our Cost,
 We by good Signs and Tokens may be lost.

The Way of the World.

THERE was a Fig-Tree on a rising Ground,
 With a clear Riv'let at its Foot,
 The Scituation was so pleasant found,
 And so inviting was its Fruit.
 The Boughs and Leaves above the Surface spread,
 Were interwoven so together,

That

That it not only fed,

But shelter'd all the Birds in sultry Weather.

Now, once upon a Summer's-Day,

After a violent Heat,

Such Thunder and such Light'ning fell that Way,

That one and all deserted their Retreat.

No sooner had the feather'd Race

Forsook their old abiding Place,

But it immediately took Fire;

And though it was not burn'd entire,

Yet of its Fruits, and of its Boughs,

There was such Havock made,

That what had serv'd 'em both for Food and House,

Was in a Moment stripp'd of all its Shade :

But after some three quarters of an Hour,

It happen'd that the Storm blew o'er,

And Light'ning ceasing to devour,

Fed its lambent Flames no more ;

When several of the Birds, that fled

To their old Station, took their Flight,

Which had so alter'd its once verdant Head,

That they scarce knew it at the Sight.

In short, the Turtles, and some others, came

Of a more gen'rous Strain,

And knowing it to be the same,

Perch'd on its widow'd Branches once again:

Its widow'd Branches gave 'em no Offence,

Nor rais'd the least Disquiet in their Mind;

They with Contentment bore the Stench,

Which the departed Light'ning left behind.

At this, the Kites, and other Birds of Prey,

Stood as if Thunder struck,

And would have drawn them all away

To a large neighb'ring Oak:

" There, said the Vultur, you may be

" Protected, and live easily;

" But for your staying where you stand,

" I see no Argument at Hand;

" That Honour brings, or Duty;

" And I shall think it not amiss,

“ If after such a Scene as this,
 “ You chuse a Place of Safety that will suit ye.
 But still the Turtles, and their Camrades, kept
 Their Posts, in Spight of Wind and Weather,
 Resolv'd, tho' it was of its Honours stript,
 They and the Fig-Tree 'd stand and fall together.

Moral.

F*EW, like the Turtle, in our Days,
 A Patriot in Disgrace will praise,
 But most are so untoward,
 That Rochester himself must pass
 Amongst 'em for a very Ass,
 And Rook be stil'd a Coward,
 When but for one's prudential Schemes,
 They ne'er had dream'd the Golden Dreams
 They daily entertain;
 And but for t'other's Gibraltar,
 We'd dropt the Catalonian War,
 And ne'er set Foot in Spain.*

The Shortest Way with the Dissenters.

- “ **W**AS ever such a damn'd ill-natur'd Puff,
 “ To serve her very Landlord thus?
 Said Roger, by a Nettle stung;
 “ Neither with my Fingers press'd her,
 “ Or did her any Wrong,
 “ But touch'd her gently, for which here's a Blister.
 “ Aye, Master, said the neighb'ring Grass,
 “ These Things will always come to pass,
 “ Believe the Place you tread on;
 “ Nettles Returns are always such,
 “ When they're us'd gently, and are much
 (“ Which makes 'em be presumptuous) made on,
 “ But take this for a Truth from me,
 “ Squeeze but the Baggage heartily,
 “ And somewhat roughly treat her,
 “ She'll be as innocent a Weed,
 “ As any other of the Breed,
 “ And lose her Sting, though she can't lose her Nature.
 Moral.

Moral.

LAWS will effect what Doctrines cannot do;
 Make Villains honest, and make Rebels true;
 Dissenters, the Church-Liturgy would use all,
 Were they fin'd handsomely for their Refusal:
 And we may ask our Betters, where the Harm is,
 To make Men go to Heaven Vi & Armis?

The Royal Mourner. 2. Ann.

ALyones, that had triumphant reign'd,
 And o'er Numidia's Plains maintain'd
 A just unenvy'd Sway,
 As all the Forests and the Fields around,
 Rejoyc'd she was with Empire crown'd,
 Ambitious to obey.
 Amid'st the Pleasures of a nuptial State,
 Happen'd to lose her Royal Mate,
 The Partner of her Bed,

With

With whom, unknown to Matrimonial Strife,
She long a Paradise of Life

Had most divinely led.

Children on Children had the Monarch lost,
Thankful, though she by Fate was cross'd,

That Death her Comfort spar'd;

A Prince that was most eminently good,
The Pride and Glory of the Wood,

And all the Fields Regard :

But neither all the Vertue, nor the Grace,
Which shone within his Mind and Face,

The King of Terrors mov'd ;

Nor though his Queen the Destinies invok'd,
And Altars for his Welfare smok'd,

Were her just Vows approv'd.

At this, the Sov'reign, now no more a Bride,
Could not her Royal Sorrows hide,

But tore her shining Main,

Wept, and lamented with incessant Moan,

To see a Life so precious gone,

And

And all her Wishes vain.

Her widow'd Looks she sadly cast around,
And wat'ring with her Tears the Ground,

No Sustainance would take,
Resolving, since Life's chiefest Joys were fled,
She would be number'd with the Dead,

For her lov'd Husband's Sake.

When her sage Privy-Counsellors of State,
The Fox and Leopard, on her wait,

To sooth her raging Breast,
And drive away the Tempests of Despair,
That roughly kept their Mansion there,

And calmer Thoughts infest.

" May't please my Leige, the first, all-dutious, crys,

" To wipe those Sorrows from your Eyes,

" That pierce your Subjects Hearts;

" For who, but must be drown'd in pious Grief,

" To see their Prince refuse Relief,

" Which Providence imparts?

K

Queens

" Queens are the Parents of the Realms they rule,

" And should keep all their Passions cool,

" From an immod'rate Rage :

" What if your Royal Confort's not alive,

" Since we your Children yet survive,

" And should your Cares engage ?

French King " Yonder *Nemaa* Tyrant calls you forth,

King of Sweden " And the fierce Lyon in the *North*,

" To still their growing Pride :

" Oh ! may you these untimely Sorrows cease,

" To give afflicted *Lybia* Peace,

" And may those Tears be dry'd.

With that, th' auspicious *Lyoness* arose,

And rush'd amid'st her Subjects Foes,

With a redoubl'd Force :

From whence a lasting Peace began,

And Halcyon Days in Circles ran,

And took their glorious Course.

Moral.

FROM Things inanimate, Mankind may read,
 Not to let Passions their just Bounds exceed:
 In Grief and Joy to hold a steady Rein;
 This to repel, and that's Increase restrain,
 Since ev'ry Accident proceeds from Fate,
 That equally torments the Small and Great.
 And thou from Kings, to govern Kingdoms born,
 That mourn'st the best of Princes from thee torn.
 Anna, the brightest of the Regal Race,
 No more with Tears bedew thy sacred Face.
 Much be deserv'd, and much hast thou bestow'd,
 Oh ! sink not under Grief's oppressive Load !
 But thy lov'd Realms to their lost Hopes restore,
 And shew the Widow less, and Sov'reign more :
 While thy brave Troops to Picardy advance,
 To weep their Gen'ralissimo in France :
 And thou, regardful of thy Peoples Vows,
 Mak'st the dear Country, where thou reign'st, thy 'Spouse.

The Candidates.

A Vulture and a Kite, two Birds of Prey,
 Set up to bear Imperial Sway ;
 And all the Birds together met,
 To know which in the Throne should sit.
 Parties were form'd, and Clubs were held,
 In sep'rate Places of the Field,
 As this and that Elector strove
 Their diff'rent Interests to prove.
 At this, a Sparrow cry'd aloud,
 And thus bespoke the feather'd Crowd :
 " The Proverb says, there needs no stirring,
 " When neither Barrel's better Herring.
 " Now, which soever Bird's our Chief,
 " Must be of Consequence a Thief ;
 " What is't to me, which has my Vote,
 " If both will gripe me by the Throat ?
 " If one must be a Sacrifice,
 " Would any care by whom he dies ?

Wherefore

- “ Wherefore, I think the Case is moot,
“ And that there needs no more Dispute;
“ Let ’em cast Lots, and end the Strife,
“ Since I am sure to end my Life ;
“ Which Bird foever rules the State,
“ Marks out my sure approaching Fate ;
“ For Kites and Vultures are the same
“ In Nature, tho’ they differ in the Name.
“ Hold, says the Blackbird in the Throng,
“ In my Opinion, you are wrong,
“ And by these worthy Members Favours,
“ What you have mov’d, of Rashness favours.
“ ’Tis own’d, if either be preferr’d,
“ He’ll make a most untoward Bird :
“ And since no other Candidate opposes,
“ I’m for the Poll, and telling Noses ;
“ But let us take this Caution first,
“ And of two Evils, shun the worst.
“ The Kite’s unfit to rule, it’s true,
“ Almost as any Bird that flew,

“ And

" And is, and ever will be filling
 " His Guts, by pilf'ring, and by stealing,
 " As he's continually a picking,
 " Blackbirds and Sparrows up, and Chicken;
 " But he's not half so fierce and eager,
 " Nor has a quarter of the Vigour
 " The Vulture carries in his Talons,
 " Who at one Swoop, can make a Meal on's;
 " And in an Instant break the Bones
 " Of this Assembly, almost all at once;
 " When t'other will take longer Time,
 " And shew some Conscience of his Crime;
 " Will have his Moderation shewn,
 " And only now and then take one:
 " Wherefore, I move to do him Right,
 " In giving him the C——. A Kite! a Kite!

Moral.

O *F two Disasters, Men should chuse the least,
 Amongst ill People, there must be a best;
 And it behoves them, when their All's at Stake,*

Just

*Just Observations of the Case to make ;
 How greedy 'Squires all may give up their Rights,
 Which would be but in Hucksters Hands by Knights.*

The Conclusion.

THE Sermon done, the Benediction next
 Succeeds, to give a Blessing to the Text.
 And may kind Heav'n, indulgent to my Vows,
 Send down its choicest Gifts on ev'ry House :
 On Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and Doctors,
 All Heads of Colleges, and both the Proctors ;
 Nay, ev'n the Pro's, those Heretick Combiners,
 Against poor Midnight Confessors at *Viner's*,
 That after Nine, forbid all Christian Bub
 At Town-Hall, Mag-pyes, and the Musick-Club.
 May your young Nobles in your Cause engage ;
 Not quit their Principles, when come to Age ;
 But drink so deep of Loyalty and Truth,
 That nothing shall blot out the Tincture of their
 (Youth.
 May

May your young Gentry, when maturer Years
 Call 'em to Courts, and Senatorial Cares,
 Be deaf to the Seducer in Disguise,
 And look on Tinsel Pomp with cautious Eyes,
 As the Remembrance fills their lab'ring Thought
 Of the salubrious Doctrines you have taught;
 True to the Church, and faithful to the State;
 Temptation-Proof against Preferment's Bait.
 Like *Bromely* steadfast, and like *Whitlock* bold;
 Tenacious of the Principles you hold;
 That dare amidst Black Lists again be seen,
 Just to their God, their Country, and their Queen.

May *Christ-Church* still, with learned Patriots stor'd,
 Furnish the Bench, the Pulpit, and the Board;
 Up to her Royal Statue daily look,
 To see how much she is in *H——*'s Book;
 Who, if they will believe he acts sincerely,
 * Adores the Queen, and loves their College dearly.

* *Vid. Stat. quia hanc celeret, & illam amaret.*

May *Maudlin's* next, for she Precedence claims,
 On the Account of venerable Names,
 With her twelve Doctors, that went out last Act,
 Never again with Popery betack'd;
 But while she takes ~~Sachet~~^{Sachet} for her Guide,
 Stick to his Tenets, and detest his Pride.

Let *Merton*, of her Founder's Honour jealous,
 Lesson her Fellowships, but not her Fellows.

Nor shall *All-Souls*, if *Æsop* can prevail,
 Of any Blessing she can wish for, fail,
 But stand possess'd of ev'ry bounteous Grant
 That Heav'n can give, or mortal Beings want.
 May she, with some of *Chicheley's* Laws dispense,
 And not chuse Men of Birth, but Men of Sense;
 Upright, and bold of Judgment, most discerning,
 Indiff'rent for their Habit, not their Learning;
 Fearless of Mercers Scores, and Pagan Duns,
 And henceforth greater Strangers to the *Tuns*,
 Since it does from her Founder's Meaning vary,
 To have a Tavern christen'd her Library.

L

Next

Next on *New-Colledge* I bestow my Blessing,
 In Hopes that Animosities will lessen;
 That they in Time their Parties will give o'er,
 And mind new Buildings less, and Logick more;
 Will introduce, among Novel Designs,
 Fewer Civilians, and more Divines

May *Queen's* and *Jesus* still be your Example,
 And on the *Stagyrites* Opponents trample;
 Still prove, that they've no *Aganippe* sipp'd on,
 But have been soundly drench'd in *Baralipton*.

Let *Exeter* henceforth, on all Occasions,
 Take Care how she incurs more Visitations;
 And if she, for the future, would be wise,
 Have *Friday's* Lectures, 'stead of *Friday's* Pyes.

May *Lincoln*, that's amphibious as an Otter,
 Here breeds a *Sanderfon*, and there a *Potter*,
 See her grave Sons as heartily bestir 'em,
 To be as learned as my Lord of *Durham*.

May *Brazen-Nose* too, alter her Demeanours,
 And no more starve the young Ones for the Seniors.
 May

May University, renown'd for *Charles*,
Get Credit like their Ruler, by his Scarlet.

May *Corpus Christi* still with Preachers fill ye,
And still produce as worthy Men as *Tilly*;
Still dear to both House-keeper and Sojourner,
For such a Governor as Doctor *Turner*.

May *St. John's* always be esteem'd Abroad,
For her lov'd Martyr, fam'd Arch-bishop *Laud*;
But, for the future, mind collegiate Oaths,
And make Philosophy take Place of Cloths.

May *Baliol*, to her everlasting Honour,
Love those the best, that think the most upon her;
Ever retain true primitive Communion,
And scratch themselves for ever for the U^{mon}.

While upon *Trinity* my Blessings fall,
Known for her *Ball-Place*, and for *Kettle-Hall*.

Let *Oriel* next, I pray depart from hence,
Less eminent for College-Plate, than Sense;
Since it is granted by the publick Voice,
She has been much more fam'd for that, than *Raise*.
Lastly,

Lastly, (tho' I could wish, that *Cambridge* had 'em)
 For some choice Gift for *Pembroke* and for *Wadham*;
 Two Sisters, who their own Downfals are digging,
 And set up most enormously for Whigging;
 Not that I'd, in the least, be thought to mean
 The pious *Bishop*, or the vertuous *Duchess*;
 Far be the Thought, and distant the Design;
Aesop must such ungrateful Tasks decline:
 But who can what's convenient for 'em beg?
 Did ever any Thing content a Whig?
 Wherefore, may both be what they have allow'd,
 And ever be uneasy, poor, and proud;
 'Till emulous of their Fore-fathers grown,
 They dare assert the Duties they disown.

FINIS.